DOLLAROCRACY:

An American Story.

BY A NEW HAND.

Converighted by Tillotson & Son for the Gazette

CHAPTIA I - AMERICAN.
See filts I know not. In fair sooth,
to give thee juy, or bid thee blind a sine of sun or shadow-stained, govern valley or unwholesome fen, smed in thy joy, or in the wor-mer of the rare, thou art ordained around the lot of common men.

e lere, Blobbe, our two hours' talk rarrewed moup the tighter. (Give won't light; but all the same, for this thing through; so goes, Blobbe !!

we've done with the business 1 1 see, your marble bust. Well, maby. Your golden smile

Blobbe; but it was the only immortality

outward resociation of the fured to draw, something or armaly into a palpable fit of a took a dozen strides around there was and stood there

I must drive down to retty quickly if I'm to We'll finish this by Fri-DeWitt M. Blaenaby is

he soul-reflecting mirror-quiz the new bust of Car-masterpiese of the famous of Florence. It is one of kal with a curious linger -handso hardsome, in Intellect that core to bide the fail in of severe self-dis-trivings after com-which, being attained, proper function, and has gapse. These features seem rightening into natural joy-facial muscles have been subarill to perfect that they orie orders of the exter council dismay; but if it did cipiline would return before the of the quint eye. A to the Scotch portrait-er nan to the Irish; a the English eye; a "solid" and a "smart" man to

Being, in point of fact, e whole five types. Mr. Blar-of but feel flattered if he had aginary tributes to his bust, round, we see how faith has wrought. The bust is a poetical Blobbe so elo ed it. Blarmaby really had features; and his marvelous so votatile and ersed many a purpose; it had er seatheless through many piete command of the artif the Hop. DeWitt Mackboodle

remarkable experiences, and count be, and was, a markpersonage. He was right, closest friend, facto-adviser, Ichabod W.

n came about this way was a magnate in the comand statesmanship had He was already in love for Europe; he tell in love aboard the Fortunia, on the serpent. When he with himself, his directions with ambeard had enabled his D Witt M. Blarnaby to

> low to carry on this to a sanctified condestructive jealousies rather, the master and

high palayer in the li-nt publicist. Blurnaby in New York, though He would lose no time in tell relatesture was far from provincialism he thought that were. Nor did he

ac-room. en you will see at least an or great and inimitable repreach of not originat-merican style of domestic interior decoration.

Barnaby and Blobbe we vered that even the stout haps, it might be better to adroitest actor—experiences akness, so sudden, so utter, to stop the grip of merit Biarnaby was in any sense assumed the mask of inno as a dest respectable person-stable political leader to boot, can define delinquency nowaby had an abiding convic t have been the epituph the have writ on his tombstone recertain this was his amin fatal, weakness, because h observed that the more he had more he had prospered; hence, i. if to-day he stood on someisla like shifting quicksands, it bely owing to his own tardiness

was a good deal behind that "if." suid Blarnaby, as he wheeled arm-chair, with a broad right bore pens, ink and paper, an ash before the fire and let's go

situation once more." a shiny pate and a bulbous waist ech by the jerkiness of graced with a pompried mere dignity. urse it's impossible to guess what

will be the outcome of Fotheringham's ope-talions for some time yet," said Blarnaby;

"but it seems clear enough to me that the thing must go all right. Don't you see it

so, Blobbe! "There's much to be said both ways, Blarnaby; but what's the use of trying to swim before you get to the water? Fotheringham can put the asphalt contract through if the devil's own craftiness has any power over his aldermanic children; but suppose he falls—suppose the L and Y. af-fair comes out stillborn—suppose—" "But I won't suppose anything of the

sort! We know that any venture may smash; but haven't I within my grasp the magic wan't that will turn even ashes into gold? Be practical, Blobbe; you know the world as well as I do!"

"Be practical, you say; and yet you are the visionary who dreams of inheriting fortunes not yet made through a marriage not yet accomplished! One thing at a time is enough for a practical man like me." Biarnaby may have tightened his bite on his eigar, but nobody would have noticed that automatic signal of raging emotions.

A single puff preliminary of the calming

prepared Blobbe for the uncloud words that followed:
"See here, Blobbe, you and I have stoo together and fought together these dozen or of years, in storm, in sunshine-"

"Yes, and in the fogs that you lawyers like so well. We've done clean work and other work together, and together we have

Sometimes creeping, sometimes stuck in the mud-"
"But we've climbed pretty near to the top of the tree; and now, for the first time, you try to frighten me from plucking the finest apple by suggesting that this may be

the one rotten bough of the tree! "Not the olny rotten one, by a long way but the law of probabilities piles the odds high up against the safety of a frail top branch when the thick ones beneath barely hold their own weight—especially when that last one is to be loaded with the weight

This last word acted like a sharp tonic to Blarnaby, who instantly assumed a masterful air and attitude.

"Now, I'm glad you have so pointedly in-dicated the trouble between us. You ob-lect, or you foresee outside objections to Blobbe nodded a vigorous assent to this latter way of putting it) the marriage I contemplate. Very well; now don't intercapt me till I'm through. Here's my view of the case. A man finds himself possessed if talents calculated to cover a larger area than that of his native place and occupation He finds the path that leads him into pub-lic life. He ascends from retail to wholesale, from trading to financing, from vil-lage councils to state conventions, from the assembly to the house of representatives, from a senatorship to the cabinet. True, he last honor may have been but short lived; but he realizes that, with ordinary sagacity in manipulating men and move ents, he is on the high road to the White House, with honors dangling as thick as blackberries on either side, waiting for him o pluck them.

Well, go ahead." "That's just what I mean to. I'll drop he parable and take up my own self. Here am I, ex-senator, ex-secretary, and ex-ever so many things else, small and large. I've and my ups and downs, political and financial, but I never got down too low to get up, nor have I ever stayed up long enough to lose the fear of falling. To-day my every cent is launched on the embryo Laramie and Yellowstone Lake railroad. The new trol may make me many times a millionaire r it may bring some millionaires down to paupers—God only knows; but you and I, Blobbe, ordain that the new railroad to the asphalt regin shall fill one pocket, and the new syndicate for paying New York with the best asphalt in the universe shall fill the

Bulf it so please the gods and little fishes!" "And the fame of so serving my country and my city will enrich my public record with the solid grace of practical statesmanf his native country, as this new industry will not only wins his country's gratitude but is entitled to its highest honors. Yet there has always been one thing lacking in ny career. Blobbe, and not in mine only What is commercial eminence, what is po-litical celebrity, to an Ishmaelite like me am not even classed and labelled as 'a con irmed bachelor'—the semi-sacred profes ional rank which opens the kingdom o ociety's heaven to the lucky few. Socially go careering round like a will-o'-the-wisp ver twinkling, never fixed. And it's too ate in the day. Blobbe, for anyone but a ool to pretend that either wealth alone, or tical power alone, can run this repub-without the potent aid of social in-

"Which is a rich and plentiful product of this American soil."
"Who doubts it, Blobbe! I might have

narried a hundred American women, as fair as and more gifted than I could find in Europe. I say it again; I have had a hun-dred opportunities, such as most men in my then position (and very likely myself, too, had natural inclination prevailed) would have greedily jumped at. But my time come. Blobbe, and now that it has I find that my aspirations have taken a wider and higher sweep. Love may be a selfish thing. We indulge it for our own personal advantage. We marry to double our single bliss, as we think. But what when selfishness expands into patriotism think of that, Blobbe! I marry A and a think of that, 5,0000c; I marry A and a household is the happier—perhaps two fam-ilies, ten at most. I marry B, and my proud country shares my joy; two nations embrace and re-knit the tie of kinship! My ime has come. I accept the decree of des

iny. You would bank it—
"Not at all; I simply say—make baste "Yes, and let our enterprises slide half way down the precipice before I hook them on to the only holdfast that can stop their

Are you so sure of that, Blarnaby Listen. Now for plain prose. The pipes are so laid that if English capital can be tempted to flow, everything is assured success. A happy combination of circum-stances made it patent to me when in Lon-don that the mere association of the Ossulstone name with my scheme would ensure British support; and when I perceived that marriage with her ladyship was a prize easily within my reach, I should have been a traitor to the highest interests of our great undertaking, and to my country, and to myself, if I had thrown the chance away. have said 'easily' within my grasp, which s perhaps a premature expression; but we will see. I have conquered the two worlds

of commerce and politics, and I guess it will be a bitridiculous to find oneself baffled by the third—two man-worlds subdued and woman-world defiant! What the meditative Blobbe said to this was inaudible for the clatter Blarnaby made as he filled two glasses with a trangely reckless flourish of the bottle We evidently did not miss much, as may be seen by the tone of the few sentences with

which this chapter opens. CHAPTER IL -SOCIETY. I see, and sigh, because it makes me sad That peevish pride doth all the world possess. That sycophants are counted jolly guests. And none content with that which is his own.

GASCOIGNE A near neighbor of the Hon. Dewitt M. Blarnaby was Miss Bennison. Her house was distinguished for its plainness among the pretentious mansions of New York's millionaires. And the good lady herself felt that neither her happiness for her status needed whatever supposed buttress-ing there may be in a jewel display. Miss Bennison was an old maid, one of the sister hood of noble souls without whose diffused love many a home would be a wilderness and many a heart would lose hope. She was rich, but richer still in sympathy. Her

heart belonged to all who needed heart, and it was something of a trouble to her that her life work of beneficence involved no severer self-denial than that of leisure. Blarnaby's widowed sister kept the New York house for him, and through attending the same church, was associated with Miss Bennison in various narish committees. In

Bennison in various parish committees. In this way Miss Bennison had made the ac quaintance of the eminent ex-senator, who had more than once used his influence with success to further certain public move-ments in which Miss Bennison took deep interest. Though their relations could scarcely be described as these of strict friendship, there certainly was a recipro-city of regard on the one one side for character and on the other for usefulness which had at once set some scandal-loving tongues n-wagging about a mysterious rebuff that was said to have been administered by Miss Bennison. It was, however, only a church

Blarnaby always made a point of accept ing every invitation to Miss Bennison's en tertainments—every one, that is, that reached him. Some, somehow, did not. Among the persons to whom he was there introduced there were three men whose friendship he set himself to gain. For Blarnaby had the small change of conversation in ready abundance. He could hold anybody on any passing topic long enough to find out whether it was worth while to hook him in with bigger buit. There was the venerable but vigorous Abram Sebag, head of one of the world's most famous financiering houses, a literal king of kings, when the royal talk was of cash, and yet as humble a gentleman as ever lacked a rent roll. A grand stroke, mused Blarnaby, to ret old Sebag to talk up the scheme. there was Roger Winslow, a good man to know, an angel to help you, but a demon it leceived. Winslow was one of those native decerved. Winsion was one of those harve Americans who stand midway between the old New Englanders and the new Old Englanders, no prouder of their American birth than of the English descent. Patri-ots, these, of the broadest kind, because they aim to bring closer together the sister peoples whose destiny is the sure su-premacy of the English-speaking race. Winslow, thought he, will come in handler by and bye than a real full-blown diplomat-ist, rålsed, perhaps, in Kankakee, licked into shape in Washington, and pitchforked up to Kamschatka or the court of

The third was a quiet-looking younger man, guiltless of diamonds, lacking even the mustache with curly waxed ends, but graced with a natural air of refinement that could be felt. His name was peculiar (if any set of names can be so in a free and indepen-dent republic), being Ettrick Shepherd Hogg. It was understood that this gentle Hogg. man's father (or was it his father's father?) had emigrated from Scotland and had buil up a large industry and fortune in Illinois Whether so named in admiration for the poet, or some relationship perhaps, it is not certain, but the uncouth name ill-suited the appearance, the manner, and the pursuits of its owner. Mr. Hogg was a scholar, a traveler, and a philosopher. In their place and way he was also a sportsman, a dilettante, and a thorough all-round man of the world. His means enabled him to be a citizen of the two worlds, eastern and western, and the wonder grew in New Nork circles on which side the Atlantic he world choose his wife, and where he would settle. To him Blarnaby looked as a probable trump

The Harmany fooked as a producte trains card in his pack of friends.

How did Miss Bennison's friends look upon the Hon. DeWitt M. Blarnaby? In a general way, as society in general looks upon a generally successful man. Blarnaby, whispered society, is of course one of course of friends, man, who graduate your clever self-made men who graduate from the stump; but he is rising above his surroundings, don't you know, and if he continues to cultivate good taste he may de relop into greatness, or even into one of our select selves. Personally, neither Sebag Winslow nor Hogg felt any differently to wards Blarnaby than towards any other guest at Miss Bennison's table. If they felt anything it was not apparent. Besides, one never knows who may be able to do one a good turn, our mutual interests are so in-volved now-a-days. Hogg possessed large estates out West, somewhere near the newly found asphalt yield in the territory controlled by Blarnaby. When Blarnaby found it advisable to scamper post-haste to London, to place his scheme on the market, he had no hesitation in asking Miss Benni son to favor him with introductions which might promote business. It was easy, and business-like, to fortify himself with a recommendation from that lady to sundry of her influential business friends, and them are the three already To Miss Bennison he suggested among named. that introductions to a few of her connections (for some of her family had bring him into contact with prominent men in the financial, and consequently, the political world, which was the height of his immediate ambition. These he duly received and duly presented, as we shall see. Mr. Sebag (who disdained to use a foreign title some impecunious monarch had con-ferred upon him) he obtained a note which struck him as unnecessarily formal, but worth carrying, if not using. Mr. Hogg was happy to be of any little service to so ell-known gentleman as Mr. Blarnaby, and inclosed a couple of very kind introductions to an English baronet who was a member of parliament and an eminent London bar rister. Mr. Winslow gave him a letter to a eading stockbroker, a sort of partner of his, for Winslow was himself a notable

figure in Wall street.

Miss Bennison had living with her as companion, and in a legal sense as ward, a bright young lady, not long escaped from her teens. This was Genie Dabchic, an orphan long enough to have forgotten the pain of her bereavements. She was the life and soul of the house, as many a sighing suitor could testify. What in ordinary suitor could testify. What in ordinary girls Miss Bennison gently deprecated as frivolity, in Genie was only the innocent exuberance of high spirits. For Genie had quite an unusual knack of combining sense with her nonsense, of dropping from cloud land down to solid earth in the turn of a sentence; and this added a new charm to her vivacity, and often a new terror to mall-talk chatterers who bored her. She happened to trip into the drawing-room one morning as Mr. Hogg was about to take leave of Miss Bennison after a call upon ething relating to the church extension

his, for

"Oh-I beg a thousand pardons, auntle; I had no idea you were here, Mr. Hogg."
"Pray don't mind me, Miss Dabchic: I'm

nobody, and I'm gone..."
"No you're not, Mr. Hogg. for I'm your jaller now-mayn't I be, auntie dear?"
"That depends on the length of your prisoner's sentence, Genle; and I don't know what his crime is yet."
"But don't you know, Miss Bennison,

that in this free country a man may be locked in the Tombs for years before he knows whether he is legally a criminal or not? But I plead guilty to wasting your

"No-that's my crime now, Mr. Hogg, and I'm going to add to its heinousness by wasting a bit more of yours-if you'll let me," and giving Miss Bennison a kiss let me," and giving Miss Bennison a Russ that blocked any possible negative, the sprightly damsel seated herself on a stool at her aunt's feet, leaned her head on her hand and her eibow on the convenient knee, and archly looked into Mr. Hogg's face as she put this question to him

now Mr. Blarnaby very well?" Scottish wariness, they say, makes it a rule to answer a question by asking au-other. Mr. Hogg had scarcely another al-

"What a very odd catechism. Why do vou ask?" 'And wouldn't it be better, Genie, to de fine how much you mean by 'very?' "
"Well, Auntie, two to one isn't fair play,
you know; but I'm not mystery-mongering;
I only ask because I've had a letter from

London, asking me something."

Miss Bennison beamed one of her gracious smiles as she patted the towaled head of her pet, and remarked, very quietly:
"Genie is young at diplomacy yet, Mr.
Hogg, but I think that she shows a certain
gift for facilitating international understandings," Mr. Hogg's smile hovered be-tween tender consideration and a hearty roar, and Genie felt as if she was laughing

off a good cry, for she was unmistakably nettled. "Well," she quickly said, "of course I don't know what I may come to when I'm older, but just now I feel like taking the shortest cuts to serve my friends." The talk might have drifted into a meta-physical drone if Miss Bennison had not been informed that a messenger awaited her, and she at once withdrew, with a pleasant word that left the pair at case. Genie at once, in a very businesslike way, explained to Mr. Hogg what her ob-

ject was in putting that question.

Now, I'll just tell you everything; but, mind this, you must not let the ghost of a shadow of what I say slip out! I'm going to trust you, d'ye see, not because you're a man, but because you're a—diplomatist!" and she flourished him a sweeping curtsey that would have made Lady Tearle envious. He essayed a courtly bow that sent the accomplished nivic into her mergiest laugh

accomplished pixie into her merriest laugh at its hopeless clumsiness. Then, taking a chair close opposite to him in the bow winlow, she gravely unfolded this story of

"You remember when Auntie and I were

"You remember when Annie and I were in England last year? Well, you remember meeting us at the coming-of-age festivities of Lord Brasthorpe?"

"Oh, yes, at Chorley Abbey—"

"And wasn't it jolly! Very well; there was a gentleman—his name, I think, was Terrick, or something like that—"

"Why, you mean Turwhitt, snelt T-y-r-

"Why, you mean Tyrwhitt, spelt T-y-r-"Why, you mean Tyrwhitt, spelt T-y-r-"That's the name! Do you know him?" "Very well, indeed, Miss Dabchie; I have the pleasure to call him friend—one of my best friends over there, in fact. I'm glad

you like him. "Now, no nonsense, Mr. Hogg. I don't even know his name, so how can I like him? We girls don't all fall in love with good

That gives me a shred of hope yet, Mis-Dabehie. I kiss your hand in sheer grati

"You shouldn't tease me when you se "You shouldn't tease me when you see I'm in dreadful earnest—that isn't good diplomacy, I'm sure! Listen, you wouldn't know my friend's name if I gave it you, which I shan't, but she's the dearest, cleverest girl—a girl, mark you—that ever was, and she has a friend who is a close friend of your friend Mr. Tirrick—is that right!"
"Sir John Ponsonby Tyrwhitt, baronet."
"Oh, what a love of a name for an Eng-

Oh, what a love of a name for an Eng-lishman! Well, never mind that. So, you see, my English friend wants to know for her friend what my New York friend now before me knows of the Mr. Blarnaby whom he wrote so warmly about to her friend. There, now, you've got it all, Mr. Diplomatist !!

This was undoubtedly startling to Mr.
Hogg. Not that he thought there was anything serious, or even important, in it; but
the comical roundabout inquisition set his ample wits to work, and at once he told his artfully artless inquisitor exactly what was in his mind. Mr. Blarnaby, he said, had in no way exceeded the limits of the acunintancesh a between them in asking for etters of introduction; neither had he llogg) gone a hair's breadth beyond strict propriety in commending that gentleman to his friends in London. He regarded Mr Blarnaby as one of the ablest public men of he hour; not agreeing with him in many oints, perhaps not approving of much in its past performances; but believing that is past performances; but believing that he had the commanding abilities and the facilities and the ambition to figure prominently in national affairs, he (logg) held it to be the duly—to say nothing of other considerations—of citizens like himself to surround any such rising man, because as-sociation with the more refined, leisured, responsible and stable section of society as a powerful influence for good upon him

tho aspires to govern society at large. Perhaps this satisfied Miss Dabchic as a budding philosopher; but it did not as a practical negotiator, for she came back to er point with charming directnes

That's all very proper, I dare say: but o invest quite a lot of money in a certain speculation entirely on the strength of your friendship with Mr. Blarnaby, and they seem to think that you are in partnership with Mr. Blarnaby, or whatever it is Good heavens, no! Why, Tyrwhitt knows better than that; let them ask him. May I ask who in particular is interested in

writing to you to ask me this!" "I won't tell you who my correspondents, but she is a good friend of Lady Ossul

tone's, and-"Oh ho! So that's how things are going eh! Of course I will lose no time in writing to Tyrwhitt to guard him against any false notion that I have either an interest in or knowledge of Mr. Blarnaby's enterprises, and you are quite free to say this much to

your friend "There—thank you so much, Mr. Hogg; that's all I wanted; but—" "But what, Miss Dabehie?"

"Oh, I was only thinking—suppose some day I grow into a diplomatist, like you, you know, I guess I should diplomatize in letterwriting rather more carefully than in talk

"Miss Dabeltic," he would have continued had not his slightly indignant remonstrance been interupted by the entrance of Miss Bennison, who, with the sweetest of smiles rofessed her deep regret at the intrusion 'I really thought you had gone, M logg!"oThe perceptible embarrassment of the couple was not unpleasing to her, and t was easy for so amiable a critic to accept lenie's blunt utterance as a ruse, to diver

"Oh Auntie dear, Mr. Hogg isn't a rea rion Aunus dear, Mr. Hogg isn't a real friend of Mr Blarnaby's, after all—only in a a diplomatic sort of sense you know!" And her ringing laugh produced a rosiness which was easily mistaken for the sunset of

As for poor Mr. Hogg, he was in a quandary between self-defense, self-sacrifice and good policy. Miss Bennison anticipated him 'I'm afraid Genie has been asking incon

enient questions, and you have felt a reictance "Not at all, Miss Bennison, I assure you In fact Miss Dabchie has, in her own delight ful way, been giving me very sound instruc-

No, I have been receiving it, Auntie!" "Perhaps I had better say at once, Miss (Miss Bennison here seated herself in a high-backed arm chair, and took out her

"That my—er—, my—liking, that is—my friendship for—Mr. Blarnaby—(Miss Ben-nison here suddenly recovered her original calmness and posture) is not so enthusiastic as some appear to think. I am not intimate with him, nor have I any relations with him whatever. Indeed, it is public property that he has poured his scorn upon my political attitude, and I have publicly deounced more than one of his party

'I think that is pretty generally understood, Mr. Hogg, and it would be absurd for anyone to assume that Mr. Blarnaby's occasional appearance at some of our social ratherings implies that we are spousors for

his doings."
"Of course we are not," said Hogg, warmly; "and perhaps it is time we began to The two ladies somewhat engerly began o speak at once, and in the same moment a

ervant came in to announce a visitor; "The Honorable DeWitt M. Blarnaby!" The distinguished gentleman was, at Miss Bennison's order, ushered in. Mr. Hogg waited, with a well performed air of easy indifference, until the ladies' salutations and the salutations are the salutations and the salutations are the salutations and the salutations are the salutations are salutations and the salutations are salutations and the salutations are salutations are salutations. ions were made, and then the two men shook hands.

"I've something to tell you, Mr. Hogg, that will interest you greatly. Will you be at home at 3? "I will, and happy to receive you, Mr. Blarnaby." Exit Mr. Ettrick Shepherd Hogg.

Down by the Sea

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Are you engaged?" he whispered low, And low the sad sea breezes Went sighing through the stilly night, And through the leavy treeses. "Are you engaged?" he whispered low, And low the white capped billows Came drumming in upon the beach, Green fringed with drooping willows.

"Are you engaged?" he whispered low, And low the night birds, winging Their silent courses through the sky, Brought distant notes of singing.

"Are you engaged?" he whispered low.
"No, no," she said, and tarried
A moment while he kissed her hand; "No, no," she said, "I'm married."

-Detroit Free Press

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CHAPERONS.

A Ouestion of the Hour Relating to Girls Discussed

BY SOME FAMOUS WISE WOMEN.

Letters on the Subject from Margaret Bottome, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Ouida and Louisa M. Alcott.

[Copyright, 1891, for the Gazette and all rights reserved.] Some years ago I began to ask every distinguished woman I met to favor me with her views on the subject of chaperons for girls. I have at length decided to combine a few of the answers received in the follow-

ing symposium. GEOFFREY WILLISTON CHRISTING.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome is widely known as the noble Christian woman who founded the great order of 'The King's Daughters, which has shed the light of joy and peace in so many gloomy places and upon so many darkened lives,
"Good principles and pure noble aspir

ations thoroughly instilled into the mind of girls are their best chaperons. The girl who has been taught from childhood to ove and revere the pure, the beautiful, the noble and the good, who has been thor-oughly imbued with the idea that she is eally a daughter of the King of Kings, that she is therefore of rank far more noble and exalted than that of the child of any earthly nonarch, and that she must in every thought word and deed strive with all be eart to be worthy of her birthright, chaperon in her own heart that is ever

present with her.
"Mothers should so rear their daughters that they can be fully trusted to chaperone themselves. If a girl grows up under the influence of a true, pure woman, nine times out of ten she will unconsciously grow up to be like her. It is not example alone that influences girls, but there are a thousand other ways in which they may be taught to love the pure, the beautiful, the good. If we consecrate our daughters to the great King and guard them with our prayers we have done much to protect them from those evil influences which chaperons are de-signed to ward off.

MARGARET BOTTOME.

MARGARET BOTTOME.
THE MOTHER OF UNCLE TOM.
Many years have passed since Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gave "Uncle Tom's
Cabin" to the world, and though the author of that wonderful book still lives at the age of more than eighty years, it is not likely hat she will ever again come before th public in the guise of a writer. Indeed, it is so long since she did so that peculiar value and interest attaches to the following thoughts on the subject under consideration which she kindly jotted down for me some time ago.
"In considering the question of chaperons

for girls, it is important to determine, if possible, where chaperonage ends and espionage begins. A chaperon should make her charge feel that she is merely a discreet companion, not a waterful guard. A girl who finds that she is being watched feels at once that she is suspected, and in that case is apt to make up her mind that she will not be suspected without cause. Between the course of Gypsy mothers who never permit their dark-eyed, swarthy daughters to leave their sight, and who keep a most vigilant watch over their every waking moment from the cradle to the marriage bed, and the neglect of many mothers in the lower walks of life who permit their daughters to come and go as they please unquestioned, there are many gradations. Mothers must be careful to adopt one which shall be

neither too lax nor too rigid.
"Self reliance is a noble quality which should be cultivated in every girl. It is very likely to be crushed out entirely if Edith or Ethel is never left to herself and her own devices for a moment, but is always kept in leading strings by mamma or auntic Every girl should early be taught that she can protect Lerself far better than any chaperon can protect her, and she should

also be taught how.
"In the society of our day, as at present constituted, no mother can have her daughter constantly under her eye, and it is not best she should. We want our daughters to be grown-up women some day, not grownup girl babies. When, in later life, she is eft to her own guidance, if the storms of emptation should beat upon the girl who as always been accustomed to the surveilance of a chaperon, she may fall through theer lack of mental and moral strengt d of self-confidence and courage, of which excessive chaperonage has deprived

not because girls would be guilty of any imprudence or wrong if unchaperoned, but because we must avoid not only all evil, but all appearance of evil, and there are many situations and pleasures which, while per-fectly innocent and harmless in themselves, may seem otherwise to an uncharitable world, and the presence of a chaperon divests them of all suggestion of all impro-priety. The girl who drives out alone of a ummer night with an agreeable man may have her action unpleasantly misconstrued and commented upon, but if mamma, or nuntic, or good Mrs. Brown—an old and rusted friend of the family-goes too, Mrs. frundy's malicious tongue has nothing to

The same principle applies to the summer picnic and excursion. Only the other day the newspapers were telling the story of a oung girl on an excursion to a seaside resort, forced into a hasty and ill-advised marriage because she and her male escort had missed the last evening train and were obliged to remain at the hotel. Had she been accompanied by a proper chaperon such a thing could not have occurred. Mothers should prize their daughters too highly to subject them to such risks. Wise mother love and good judgment should guide us to the happy medium of wise chap-eronage between the ceaseless, unremitting espionage of the gypsy mother and the utter neglect of many ignorant and most culpable parents. HARRIET BELCHER STOWE."

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELISMERE." Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel of "Robert Ellsmere" has made her name more widely known in America than that of any other inglish woman of our time, and special in terest will be felt in what she has to say of this question of chaperons:

"I'd not think the system of constantly watching girls a good one. In our English society girls become accustomed to depend altogether too much upon their mothers, and when, after marriage, they are sud-denly left to take care of themselves, they are often incapable of doing so. In Amerca girls enjoy much greater social freedom than they do with us, yet there don't seem to be nearly so many scandals among married women of the upper class in that coun-try as there are in our's. May not the fact that American girls are not chaperoned to anything like the same extent as English es and their thus acquiring more equi-ise and self-reliance before marriage—to poise and self-reliance before marriage—to say nothing of their chances to see more of life and thus have more of a "fling"—have a great deal to do with this?

"In France chaperonage, or espionage, or whatever you please to call it, is carried to the fullest possible entent. Girls are im-mured in convents from about their twelfth year till they are married. Let any one who thinks that such a system tends to strengthen and confirm woman's virtue contrast the family life and morals of rance with those of England and America "MRS. HUMPHREY WARD."

OUIDA HAS HER SAY. Ouida, authoress of "Under Two Flags" and numerous other popular novels needs no introduction to an audience of American

readers.

"The rquestion of chaperons for girls must depend upon the girl herself in each individual case. Some girls always require a chapcron." And such girls are not necessarily the loud romping ones either. In the majority of cases it is your quiet, demure miss who needs the most watching, leaves come areas court grays chip. In every camp, every court, every club, every family or social circle there is al-ways some individual who acts the part of

ways such a one in every coterie of girls but no matter how much her exuber. spirit may make her at once the life, the mischief and the romp of the bedroom, she may be as innecent as a lamb, with no thought of anything but harmless fun, while the thoughts of young Miss Prim, who affects to be so much shocked by her schoolfellow's merry antics, are running in a much deeper, more dangerous channel. Girls who feel that they are trusted will generally resolve to be worthy of the trust reposed in them. This is exemplified in America, where chaperonage was practically unknown till comparatively a few years ago, yet social life is certainly as pure, if not purer, there than in any country in Europe, where chaperous have been an institution for centuries." Outpa.

A York FROM THE GRAVE.

It is very doubtful if any other woman writer of America ever achieved an amount writer of America ever achieved an amount of popularity and financial prosperity equal to that gained by the late Louisa M. Alcott, whose very first story, "Little Women," was such an instantaneous and pronounced success as to enable her to practically dictate her own terms to publishers. Miss Alcott was as obliging as she was brilliant, and when, but a short time before her death, I requested her views on the question of chargeons for girls she very kindly noted chaperons for girls she very kindly noted down for me the following observations, which have lain in a dark corner of my desk until now .

Chaperonage for girls is one of the usages of good society. Now, what is the real spirit of the observances which that society requires of its frequenters for the preservation of harmony and their easy in tercourse together? It is true that one may have a spotiess reputation, a good educa-tion and good breeding without being really good at heart and without being a Christian. Yet if we examing the laws which good society lays down for our guidance and government, we shall find without a doubt that they are such as a simple Christian, desiring to regulate the meetings of a number of people who lack

the Christian feeling, would dictate.

It is quite true, however, that good soclety will never make one a Christian. A
man may be charming in his manners at a
party and every one present may pronounce
him a most agreeable and perfect genileman yet that same individual may go home man, yet that same individual may go home and become privately intoxicated or beat his wife or be cruel to his children. If so-ciety finds him out it will certainly punish inn, but society has no power to search his couse or intrude upon his hearthstone, and herefore it may be a very long time before

it does find him out.

Yet as far as its jurisdiction extends, good society can compel us, if not to be Christians, at least to act as though we were. The difference between the laws of God and the laws of men is that the former address, the heart from which the acts produces in the laws of th iddress the heart from which the acts proeed, while the latter are directed to the themselves without regard to the While the one waters the root, the ieart. other waters the branches. The laws of society are formed by the unanimous consent of mankind, and, in all essential points they differ very little all the world over. The same spirit of friendliness and good will actuates alike the Turk when he shows his politeness by feeding you with his fingers, and the American host who shows his rs, and the American host who shows his

y carving your portion for you.

If the ordinances of good society are care fully examined and analyzed it will be ound that they all have a wise purpose and end to a good end. The ordinance that roung girls under certain circumstances must be chaperoned, is no exception to this

Now, there are chaperons and chaperons. Some are agreeable companions, some are griffins. The best chaperon for a young girl is her mother, and mothers, if they know what their duty is, will always make friends and companions of their daughters, rendering themselves so delightful and inspensable that their girls will insist upon their presence at every excursion, picuic, dance, theater party, drive, or other diverion for which a chaperon is required, as a esideratum, without which one-half of the

anticipated pleasure will be missed.

Without the advice and guidance of a chaperon, how are girls first to learn how to best conduct themselves in society and public places? It will not do for us to trust

oo much to instinct. "No indeed," murmurs a tremulous voice from the other end of the room—grandma-ma's corner. "In my younger days I never came into a room as you do, Arabella, as if you could walk over everyone present and never give it a thought. Nor did I creep in like you, Helen, as though in the passage outside I had been doing something I was ashamed of. Nor did I ever plump down

upon a sofa as you do, Ada." But ju-here poor grandmama is interrupted by ceneral laugh from the girls who hate chi erons, who loudly unite in declaring that she is wholly out of date and knows noth-ing at all about the matter. The good and wise old lady might have gone on to lay down immutable rules for good breeding. She might have said, with the great Lord Chatham, probably the best

bred man of his time, that "Politeness is benevolence in trifles;" or she might have remarked with Rochefoucault, that "It is the mind that forms the manners " bu who among chaperon-hating girls would have listened to her? Arabella would have cailed out, "Who cares for such old fogies now?" and Helen would have added that she thought Lord Chesterfield and "all that humbug about manners a complete sell. Chaperons should suggest to their charges that in society they should strive to be, at as early an age as possible, what they will, in later years, wish they had always been. Too many young women of the chaperon-hating class think it clever to be loud, positive ranid and slongy in manner and contive, rapid and slangy in manner and con versation. An agreeable, modest, dignified bearing is a fine heritage. Having this, a

duction to society by a capable chaperon, the great art of being civil with ease. Louisa M. Alcott.

young girl will soon learn, after her intro-

Afraid of the "Night Doctor."

"Law, sah, he jes did miss cotchin' me las' night, and I thought you was another.' The speaker was an ancient "mammy who in the past sixty-four years had nursed eleven of her own children, and no one really knows how many white ones. and in the mind of every one she had instilled her belief in "night doctors." She had been startled by nearly running against a reporter as she hurried home about 7 o'clock the other evening. He reassured her that he was no "night doctor," but a plain, inoffensive citizen, and as she left him he pondered upon the strange superstition which, in spite of thirty years of comparative enlightenment, still hovers in the minds of colored folks of the older

school. Though no one of them has ever been kidnaped in this way, most of them have had very narrow escapes, almost as narrow as that of old "aunty," and every one has had a friend disappear in this way. The method of their capture is about as follows, according to their belief: The night doctor meets them in a lonely spot, and, without a word, claps a peculiar plaster over their faces. This stifles their cries and ultimately suffocates them. Their bodies are then carried to the medical college, where they are dissected and a valuable extract is made from the coloring mat ter, which makes the "darky" browner than the white person. That is why "night doctors" on kidnaping bent, prefer col-

ored people particularly.

Where did this belief originate? Perhaps in darker Africa, in days when ancestors of the race in this country were changed from Africans to Americans through the medium of the slave ship, manacle and lash. The more reasonable explanation is to be had in studying the effects upon the colored people in this country of the crime which gave a new word to the dictionary-"burking"-stealing corpses for purposes of dissection.-Washington Post.

New York Evening Sun.

"That was a sympathetic audience had," said the lecturer. "Yes. I thought they all seemed sorry for each other," said his bosom friend,

A PRAIRIE HOUSE.

It Is Especially Designed for a Flat Country and Costs \$1,800. (Copyright, 1891, by American Press Associa-

In a hilly or mountainous region like that of Switzerland, low and steep pitched roofs with wide projections of cornice, open timber work and picturesque brackets. windows, etc., seem especially suited to harmonize with the various features of the landscape. In the tropical regions open balconies and verantias, as a protection from the heat of the sun are necessary constructive parts of a sensible design. The prairie house likewise must be built with a view of being suited to the climatic requirements. A prairie country being devoid of hills, mountains or thick forests is ant to be swept by fierce wind storms and



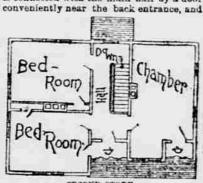
sometimes tornadoes, and the structure must be constructed so as to withstand the shocks which it is liable to receive. A brisk wind travels at the rate of about twentyfive miles an hour, a strong wind at the rate of thirty miles an hour, high wind at forty, storm at fifty, violent storm at sixty, hurricane at eighty, violent hurricane at a hundred miles an hour. From this it will be seen that the wind pressure is an important item which must be carefully considered and calculated in designing any important structure. In a prairie country a high building or roof should be avoided. as it offers too large a surface for the pressure of the wind, which in a storm is about eighteen pounds to each square foot of surface, neither should the building have wide projections of cornices for the same reason. as it would be in danger of being unroofed at any time during a storm unless extra and expensive precautions have been taken in construction, It follows, then, that a low building with but slight projections of cornices is best adapted to a prairie coun-

try, as being most economical and safe. The cottage shown in the illustrations represents a sensible, conveniently arranged and substantially constructed cottage or prairie farm house in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The founda-tion walls are of brick laid in cement mortar, plastered on the outside with cement, and the cellar has a concrete floor three inches thick. The sills are built of two pieces of plank, one, \$x6, laid flat upon the walls and securely anchored in place by wrought iron bolts set in the brickwork, the other piece, 2x8, is set edgewise upon the wall and securely spiked to the plank beneath. The studding is notched on the lower end to come flush with the outside of the brick wall and sill and spiked to both pieces, thus securing the framework of the entire building from being torn from its foundations by the most



The framework should be hollow, with tongued and grooved sheathing nailed on sheathing was covered with waterproof building paper and clapboarded with six inch beveled siding. The roof is also sheathed and covered with waterproof paper and shingled. Shingle lath should never be used in regions which are frequented by high winds, as the shingles bend under the pressure of the wind be tween the laths, and the rain or snow is

driven into the building. The building is one and one-half stories in height. The main roof over the second story chamber extends down over the front of the parlor, thus forming in a most economical manner a small veranda which protects the front entrance. If desired, in the winter time this porch could be inclosed with glazed window sash as an additional protection. The staircase hall extends through the middle of the build ing, with a door at the rear leading to the yard. Upon the right of the staircase hall is a parlor 12x16. lighted by a window in front and rear, and two windows in the sides. It is heated by a grate designed for burning soft coal-or it is so arranged that a stove can be used if desired. In the front, at the left side of the hall, is the dining room, 13x15, with windows in front and on the side. It is also provided with an open fireplace and grate for burning coal. The dining room communicates with the kitchen through the pantry. The kitchen is connected with the main hall by a door



SECOND STORY. is abundantly lighted by two large windows. In addition to the pantry the kitchen is provided with a large store room-an essential feature, especially in a farmhouse. It is also fitted up with a portable range and suitable iron sink. In the second story are three good sized chambers, with a closet for each. At the front of the hall in this story is a large closet which may

be used as a trunk room or linen closet. The side walls and ceilings throughout are hard finished on two coats of brown mortar and lath. The steps and risers of the stairs are of yellow pine; newels, rails and balusters of ash; all other woodwork of white pine; all painted in two coatsboth exterior and interior. This building can be erected, under favorable circum stances, in a thoroughly substantial manner for \$1,800. If a bathroom is desired the ex-tra plumbing, cesspool, etc., would cost

A Revised Opinion.

about \$300.

"I was pleased to call that cake of yours a perfect symphony, as you may remem-ber," said young Mr. Fitts about two hours after dinner.

RALPH R. RATMOND.

"I want to revise that expression. I feel now as though I had swallowed a whole Wagnerian opera."—Indianapolis Journal